Volume LXXVII CHICAGO, August 24, 1916 Number 26

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

BLIND

His world, you fancy, must be cold
And desolate and full of sorrow
Whose sightless eyes may ne'er unfold
On mellow moon or gleaming morrow;
And yet my life of endless night
Is warm with love and full of light.

I sit alone all day and drink
The balmy wine of shine and shower;
My only labor is to think
How fair a face must wear the flower
Whose perfume is so sweet and kind
To visit me, though I am blind.

The wind has always something sweet
To say to me beyond your hearing;
It brings the rumors of the street
In modulations so endearing
My mind is weeded of the care
And misery that you see there.

I often fancy—when the sun,
With golden hands my hair caressing,
Bends over me—now here is one
Of God's own angels with a blessing;
And so with joy accept the grace
Without one wish to see his face.

—James Whitcomb Riley

First published in Collier's, August 19, 1916

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 407
Raising Dust and Throwing Mud 408

THE PULPIT—
James Whitcomb Riley.—Rev. Lewis B. Fisher.. 410

CONTRIBUTED—
James Whitcomb Riley (1848-1916). — Mary Badollet Powell 414
Tower Hill Library Congress.—Lutie E. Stearns, *Chairman* 415
The Psychology of War.—J. T. Sunderland.... 417

SELECTED—
High Notes from the First President..... 409
The Heroic Spirit.—*Rev. Howard B. Grose*..... 413

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Growth of Christianity. XXIII. The Morning Stars of the Reformation..... 416

POETRY—
Blind.—*James Whitcomb Riley*..... 405
The Girls in the Fields.—W. G. Tarrant..... 407
Trouble's Strong Front.—*Edwin L. Sabin*..... 413
The Brown Thrasher.—*Alfred Kummer*..... 415
A New Song of Motherhood.—*Angela Morgan*.. 417

THE FIELD—
Tower Hill Letter.—A. L. K..... 418

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

TELEPHONES
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES
and
MEATS

▫ ▫ ▫

FRUITS
and
VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

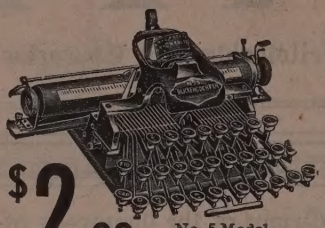
KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

TYPEWRITER SAMPLES



$2.00 No. 5 Model

Balance $10.00 on delivery. Just a few of these $40.00 machines on hand, while they last at $12.00. These machines are thoroughly guaranteed in every respect. Pin a $2.00 bill to your letter and send in TODAY.

Blickensderfer Mfg. Co.
107 N. Dearborn St. Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
WELBERRY & RAMM, Proprietors
Fancy and Staple Groceries, Meats and Vegetables
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Phones: Drexel 115
Automatic 73-096

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE LIBERAL MINISTRY
Including special courses to meet the growing demand for Parish Assistants, Sunday School Directors, Headworkers of Church Settlements and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal scholarship provisions, including two summer sessions at The University of Chicago. Traveling fellowship yielding $810. Religious education and social service institutes during the summer quarter open to special students with scholarship aid.
Apply to F. C. Southworth, President
MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Meadville, Pennsylvania.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1916. NUMBER 26.

THE GIRLS IN THE FIELDS.

Daughters of Europe—that grew so fair
Under the good sky, everywhere,
Smiling an old world's fears away—
Is it you that have never a smile to-day?

Jenny, and Hannchen, and you, Jeannette,
Is it for nothing your lids are wet?
'Nay, we are longing,' the girls reply,
'For the lads we loved in the days gone by.'

Pale, very pale, are your cheeks to see,
Is there no comfort, O mourners three?
'Ay, we remember how brave they stept,
'And the eyes that laughed to the eyes that wept.'

Tell me, sweet lassies, and tell me right—
Why did your lovers go forth to fight?
'Stranger, we know not the reason well,
'But they fought, we know, and we know they fell.'

Jenny, and Hannchen, and you, Jeannette,
Sisters in sorrow, and enemies yet,
Was it for nothing at all, poor things,
But the greed of men, and the pride of kings?

London, England. W. G. TARRANT.

That is a thrilling story that Matthew B. McNutt tells in the *Continent* of August 20th, of how Cadiz, a city of two thousand people, county seat of Harrison County, Ohio, has "purified the moral atmosphere of the entire region by going 'dry,'" building a park and following out the logical lines required by the same.

Helen Keller out of her dark world gives forth radiance that lights up dark places. Something she said on the "color question" gave offense to some of the journalists in her native state of Alabama. In response to certain criticism, she says:

"The equality I advocated in my letter is the equality of all men before the law, which the Constitution of the United States is supposed to guarantee to every American citizen. I believe we should never do unto a son or daughter of God what one would not have done into his own son or daughter. That is my idea of the teachings of Christ.

"In my spoken and written words I try always to be faithful to the truth as I understand it. If my words written in this spirit, result in the loss of engagements in any part of the country, I shall regard that loss as an offering to the cause of honest thought, and the sacrifice will afford me true happiness."

Scott Nearing, at a Chautauqua gathering, charged even Americans with cultivating a war psychology. The little three-year-old toys with lead soldiers, then a fife and drum, then an air rifle, finally a real gun and uniform. He says while peace has occupied but one per cent of our nation's history, seventy-five per cent of the space in our text-books is given over to war. Some little farm boys were amusing themselves with constructing good roads in the sand pile, building bridges across the gulleys and were having royal fun. A town boy arrived and in a few days these same farm boys were armed to the teeth with swords painted red and were out scalping Indians and hunting Mexicans. This is also a contribution to practical psychology.

Mrs. John A. Logan, 2523 Thirteenth street, N. W., Washington, D. C., has taken the presidency of a Clara Barton Memorial Association and the Association is busy canvassing the scheme and raising the money for a fitting memorial to the great war nurse. Of Clara Barton's activities as nurse during our own Civil War and her achievements in bringing about an International Red Cross organization all rightly informed people are aware, and a country and an age that is over-ridden, at least in a monumental way, with sword wearers, should rejoice in this movement. We are not much enamored of our out-door statuary as it has as yet been achieved in our cities, but it will be a relief to see a woman in bronze at whose feet little children will play and hurried men and women will stop to look, to think, and take up life's tasks a little more heroically for the interruption.

Collier's has a department entitled "Collier's Washington Bureau," founded in 1908, which indicates how much free help is offered by our Federal government towards right living and how much more of the same kind might be expected if there were more citizens sufficiently intelligent to utilize the same. We learn, for instance, in the issue of August 19th that there are still 300,000,000 acres of land to be given away. These lands are located in every state west of the Mississippi, except Iowa and Texas, and in Michigan, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi on the east. Any person who is not a married woman, minor, alien or is a previous homesteader, can avail himself of this offer. Irrigated farms are also available under generous regulation. Free pamphlets giving the necessary information can be obtained. The government furnishes lantern slides with appropriate lecture texts for the asking, giving entertainment and instruction on educational topics, concerning forestry, public health, child rearing, irrigation projects and good roads. Free circulars giving this information can be obtained.

"Drug Farming" is one of the attractive sub-heads, also suggestions as to "Summer Reading" and "Public Health." The above information is distributed under six distinct offers of service and Collier's Washington Bureau, 1121 Woodward building, Washington, D. C., will be glad to give further information free of charge. And UNITY is glad to promote this information and extend this offer for the public weal.

Our welcome exchange, the *Universalist Leader,* appeared last week in a new make-up. It has eliminated four pages, but in order to practically preserve the quantity, has reduced the type of its contributed matter and offers in explanation the growing scarcity of white paper as a result of the war. We are told in this "explanation" that in England the Government has compelled the reduction of the size of papers one-third and that in this country The Newspaper Publishers' Association has asked for reduction in the number of pages. This reduction is asked for not for the sake of saving money but because the condition is so serious as to render the future problematical. We are told also that the government is proposing an investigation. Says the *Leader*:

> In plain language, there is not enough paper being made to go around, and we are proposing to meet the situation by reducing the number of our pages, for the time being, and at the same time, by using smaller type, to print almost as much matter. All of our departments will be cut in moderation, but by concentration no real interest will be hampered.

The return of Thomas Mott Osborne, the "Tom Brown" of Sing Sing, to his old task and the gracious retirement from the post of Dean Kirchwey is an event that deserves more notice than it has received at the hands of the American press. There were processions, floats, speeches, music galore, most of the program being in charge of The Mutual Welfare League, an organization of convicts. A truck, gaily decorated, brought a delegation of ex-convicts from New York to share in the welcome. Said Dean Kirchwey in abdicating his throne which he had been called to temporarily occupy: "If Sing Sing were situated on the Mount of Vision, and all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them were offered me, I would not keep Tom Brown one day longer out of his kingdom." The *Friends' Intelligencer,* commenting upon this event says:

> Both Mr. Osborne and Dean Kirchwey, do their work on the same principles, the principles of love and of faith. They believe in the men; they win their confidence, then they win their love. To those who fear that the new system makes prison life too attractive, Mr. Osborne explains that the real purpose of the prison sentence is not to punish the men, but to cure them, to cure them of their desire to do wrong. A thief is loyal to his pals. That is his one virtue, his never-failing code of ethics. Under the new system the warden asks the thief to take him into his gang, to let him be his pal. The warden promises to be "on the level" and is taken at his word. The convicts' fellow prisoners, the keepers, the warden, are all admitted to his gang. They will be on the level with him and he with them. Then the man is asked to take all society into the same brotherhood and to regard all men not as enemies but as friends. When he has done this and has given evidence of the genuineness of his change of attitude and feeling toward his fellowmen; when he no longer regards society at large as his enemy and persecutor, but as the prisoners' friend—when this point is reached, the cure is complete.

Raising Dust and Throwing Mud

The campaign is on. The presidential candidates are abroad. Hughes is spanning the continent and Wilson is chafing in his chains at Washington.

The public has a right to expect that these eminent gentlemen, academically trained, adepts in law and learning, will conduct a gentlemanly campaign. Are we to be disappointed? Is the old business of raising a dust and throwing mud still to be the method of the "stump"? There are great issues before the American people today, tremendous problems to be solved about which the academic and ethical world honestly disagree. We have a right to expect that these gentlemen will help make these issues clear. But even at this early date the signs are depressing. This far there has been no disposition on the part of either party to face aggressively and heroically the issues of peace, of temperance, suffrage, race injustice or capital and labor, although he who runs may read that these are the fundamental problems of our Republic at this present time. Even the old issue of the tariff, which has been more or less a "clear issue" between the parties for over half a century, has been side-tracked or left behind. Party leaders have known that they could not play football on the free-trade gridiron. Now all concerned admit that the whole problems of tariff and revenue are scientific questions which can be spelled out only by a competent commission, removed as far as possible from party influence and the interference of politicians.

The five prime issues named represent the one plank within reach of the two drowning men in the water, each claiming it, each trying to save his life by pushing the other fellow off the board. For example: The two main parties are flirting with the women; they are playing blind-man's buff with the liquor interest and the labor question; they are hiding from the race question, and now we hear of the last pitable act of Congress wherein the House of Representatives with a shameful unanimity, voted the outrageously big Naval program. While the cowardly vote was being taken the parties unblushingly disputed with each other the credit.

Hughes and his men shout "Preparedness"! Wilson and his men follow after and say, "We, too! We were there first!" Hughes' stock in trade seems

to be the defects of the Wilson administration, the great sins of which he points out are gross violations of the civil service principle and the use of his official power in dismissing Republicans and promoting Democrats. From this charge there is no escape except the excuse of a hundred years, "They all do it and you are another!" Are there no political orators who *before election* will frankly admit the blot on American politics, and with bowed heads confess the guilt? The Democratic record in this respect is shameful, but let the Republican that is without blame cast the first stone. Where is the Republican president who has done less or done differently? "To the victor belongs the spoil!" "Turn the rascals out!" have been the political slogans of every incoming administration since the days of Andrew Jackson. The whole Postoffice system, the department most intimately related with the privileges and comforts of all the citizens, has been one great system of spoils through all these years. The accession of Wilson did change or is about to change every postmaster from Spring Green to Chicago and the retiring officers have meekly obeyed and had nothing to say because they knew how it had been with them four years previously. These recriminations are at best only a case of "pot calling kettle back" and these men who aspire to the highest office at the disposal of the American people had better keep silent unless they have some prophetic light to throw upon dark subjects, some comfort to give to distrusting people.

Are the people doing anything on their own hook? Can they see through this dust which by the first shower will be converted into mud and as such will be still used by the spell-binders with imposing titles before their names and academic frills after their names?

The American public is honestly divided between those who believe in armies and navies as the essential safe guards of a nation and those who believe that truth, justice, honorable dealing and a prompt appeal to reason are the more effective and wholly adequate safeguards. And they will try to find out where Hughes and Wilson stand on this issue. The true Pacifist laments the mistake of Wilson in the Vera Cruz occupancy which was a concession to expediency or something worse. His preparedness schemes and expensive and ineffective mobilization of State Troops was a compromise with many in the interest of Peace. But if the public can be persuaded that these are blunders and not the result of duplicity and insincerity they still will believe the cause of Peace has more to hope for from Wilson than from one who is found in the company of the great armor-makers and the army and navy "Leaguers." Hughes may suffer the fate of Old Dog Tray who had to suffer for the company he kept.

We are persuaded that millions of American voters believe that the saloon must go and that woman's help is needed and that their reinforcing column cannot be called into action too soon. A democracy that will assert the rights of the Black and Yellow man and protect the physical, social and ethical integrity of men and women is the Democracy that the American people are groping for.

The outcome of the next election is uncertain because the position of the presidential candidates on these great fundamental issues is obscured by words, confused by platforms, vitiated and debilitated by dust raising and mud slinging by the press and on the stump.

High Notes from the First President

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct. And can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be morality of a free, enlightened and at no distant period a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things the fruits of such a plain would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost to a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and interest.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations are recommended by policy, humanity and interest.

From Washington's Farewell Letter to the People of the United States, September 19, 1796

THE PULPIT

James Whitcomb Riley

A Sermon Preached at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Sunday, July 30, 1916, by Lewis B. Fisher.

The Common People heard him gladly. Mark 12:37.

James Whitcomb Riley was born in 1852 and died Saturday, July 22, 1916, in Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. Riley was not specially a writer on religious, at least not on theological, subjects. He was not a profound philosopher or a deep epoch making thinker. He is generally known as a poet of the comic and of the common place, expressed in Hoosier dialect.

He was the poet of common things and was a delightful entertainer of any popular audience, always waiting to hear him, whenever he would consent to read his verses.

It may seem to some that it is hardly fitting to spend our Sunday hour of worship in this sacred place in speaking of him.

He wrote about the Hoosier pioneer boys and girls, the men and women who made the first clearings, drained the first malarial swamps, built the rude homes, of the stock, the kitchens, the hired man. He writes mostly in the dialect of those pioneer folks as he thinks he heard it spoken, and makes us laugh and cry over the common things that happen to everybody every day. He did not often write of educated people and it does not require an education to understand him. I never heard of any literary club being formed to study the heights and depths of Riley's hidden meanings, any more than I have heard of a Mother Goose Club.

Yet most everybody, regardless of academic degrees, seems to like to read about The Ol' Swimmin' Hole, The Frost on the Punkin, and the Gobberlins that'l git yer if yer don't watch out.

Very likely you are wondering how the parson is going to get his Sunday Sermon out of that sort of a man.

I trust that it is not irreverent, but I have had running through my mind, since Riley died, a text for this sermon. It is this:—*The common people heard him gladly.* Mark applies it to Jesus.

It may have been true in Mark's day, that the common people heard Jesus glady, but it is certainly not as true today as one could wish it was. It is certainly true of Riley. There seems always to have been, and to be today, some very marked differences of opinion about these common people. In certain moods perhaps we all say that it is no great praise to say of a man that the common people hear him gladly. So they do any demagogue, any glib tongued mountebank, any cheap John street vender, any sensational gabber. Some one said that there were fifteen hundred millions of the common people, mostly fools. Lincoln's phrase was that God must love them, because he made so many of them. Which of these was right? One thing is sure, we are debarred from any sneers about the common people because we belong to them, and we can't malign our own folks. We, the common people, are at times pretty trying. We do listen to, and applaud wildly, a good deal of cheap vulgarity, and conspicuous silliness. A parade outweights reasons. Much in the novels, theaters, movies, that draw crowds, is vulgar, coarse, even obscene. A few idle women set fashions that are indelicate if not immodest, and the many rush to follow, and even to out do the originals. We are well compared with sheep.

If some women are silly and shallow, no one can deny the truth of Mrs. Poysers' immortal remark that, "—God made 'em to match the men."

So with one breath we say there is nothing so silly as the common people; and with the next breath we say there is nothing so beautiful, patient, admirable, lovable. So we may say of Jesus that it was nothing to his credit that the common people heard him gladly. Soon the same people were madly yelling, "Crucify him, crucify him, give us Barabbas." Or on the other hand we may say that it was the noblest tribute ever paid the Master.

So you may say that it is not religious, that it is not even dignified to preach about Riley. He just sang jingles to amuse and tickle the common people. Or you may say, yes that is what he did, but in doing that he made a real addition to enduring and inspiring literature, that cheers and comforts many on this dusty way of life. That was worth while. It sometimes seems to me that about nine-tenths of the preachers that I know, think that they have served in small places, with common people, long enough, and that they are now entitled to a congregation of college bred millionaires in a metropolitan church. It may be that they are right in this. Yet there is no task that needs doing today or any day, as much as the task of taking the commonplace and making it sing like the birds, or glow like the rainbow.

James Whitcomb Riley could do that. That is his immortal crown and glory. The common people hear him gladly because he somehow gets a halo of beauty and interest around these daily chores we are all tied to. He touches our hearts with a sweet clean touch. He makes a ray of sunshine fall across the dullest path. He appeals to our hearts, and while on the surface we are just as shallow, vain, and foolish as the self-entitled "High-brows" say we are, at heart the common people can be trusted.

The text is not only true of the Universal man, but there is also a story of the Greeks that I am reminded of today. We think of the Greeks as being above all others in art, culture, knowledge etc., and they were. But how they loved the talker and the story teller, and any sort of a person who could tell them some new thing. It is hard for us to put ourselves back into a city where there was not a printed word. Not a book, pamphlet, circular, paper, or "Ad." Where the streets were not all cluttered up with discarded printed matter, and the mail boxes not stuffed every night with printed stuff. Those people just talked and listened. Poets recited what they wrote and the whole populace listened. Browning tells of the girl Balaustion, only fourteen years old, with a party of Athenians on a ship driven into the hostile city of Syracuse, and about to be enslaved or killed or worse. The Syracusians ask the captain what is new in Athens, and he tells them that Euripides has recited a great drama.

> "Our Euripides, the human
> With his proppings of warm tears,
> And his touches of things common
> Till they rose to touch the spheres."

The captors ask if any one on board can recite the lines of Euripides. "Sure," says Balaustion, "I can repeat every word of it." That was before the printing press had ruined human memories. So with a mighty shout of joy they take the captives to the public square, and Balaustion recites the whole of "Alcestis."

The result is the people shout with joy, the captives are turned free and sail away. All because fourteen-year-old Balaustion can repeat the Alcestis of Euripides, "Euripides the Human."

So of the Universal man, the common people heard him gladly. So of the Greek man, with his touches of things human till they rose to touch the spheres. So of our Lockerbie street man who somehow had the gift of taking the commonest things and putting them in chant and rhythm and song for all the people, making these common things touch the harmony of the spheres, by his magic of words. Lockerbie street is now forever another of the immortal streets of the human spirit, a sort of highway of all tired human souls. I doubt not that thousands of common men and women, chained to the wheels of daily tasks, pinching poverty, deadly routine, crushing sorrow, have felt the chains drop off, as they hear the words of Riley's songs.

He sings, and his song is heard
Pure as a joyous prayer;
Because he sings of the simple things,
The fields and the open air;
The orchard bough and the mocking bird
And the blossoms everywhere.
He sings of the wealth we hold
In common ownership;
The wildwood nook, and laugh of the brook,
And the dew drops' drip and drip.
The love of the lily's heart of gold
And the kiss of the roses' lip.
The Universal heart,
Leans, listening to his lay, etc.

Someone has said that Universalists and Unitarians and you liberal Christians put the smile in religion. I hope we have helped to do it. Any way you cannot make us believe that God is angry at us when we laugh. I refer to the right kind of a laugh of course.

There are as many kinds of laughter as of words. There is the feeble grin, the silly simper, the laughter of fools, the maudlin noises of drunkenness and lust, the laugh of scorn, contempt, vengeance, hate. You can express every human emotion by a laugh you know, and a man's laugh betrayeth him as much as his words do.

The laugh that God loves is the laugh of pure joy in him and in his world, and the life we can live if we love and trust him and try to do his will. He loves the laugh that is like the play of all young creatures, and of brooks and breezes and birds, sunshine and flowers, and all beautiful things. Riley is the poet that makes us laugh, and it is healthy and wholesome laughing, that drives the fog out of the soul.

An' its give me to percieve,
I most certainly believe,
When a man's just glad plum through,
God's pleased with him, same as you.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
Its just as cheap and easy to rejoice:
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.
In this existence, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little skift o' clouds'll shet
The sun off now and then;
But maybe, whilse' your wonderin' who
You've fool-like, lent your umbrell' to,
And *want* it,—out'll pop the sun
And you'll be glad you ain't got none!
They ain't no sense, as I kin see,
In mortals, sich as us, to be
A-faultin' Natchur's wise intents,
And lockin' horns with Providence. . . .

Riley called the little children to him and amused them and when he amused and interested them, he held everybody else listening.

I have noticed for many years that the way to get all the grown up folks out to church is to have a children's Sunday.

Story telling to children is coming to be a profession all by itself. I always liked the stories but dreaded the morals.

Now the wise story teller skips all the morals. If you can not tell the story well enough to make the child feel his own moral in it, you have not learned your business. Boston hired municipal story tellers in 1911, and since then all cities have followed the example in one way or another. It is now a part of church work, and of every protracted meeting, to set aside certain afternoons every week for story telling to the children.

The printed book will never take the place of the person talking.

I suppose it is improper for me to hold up "Annie" as the model story teller, but she had the main quality for success in that art,—she was interesting. It seems as if every child has always known—

Little orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, and brush the crums away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, and bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep,
An' all us other childern, when the supper things is done,
We set aroun' the kitchen fire, and has the mostest fun
A-listenin to the witchtales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobbleuns 'at gits yer if yer don't watch out!

That gentle appeal to the gooseflesh on a child seems to be a demand of his nature and is a lot better than the old New England fear of devils, satans, hells and angry gods, that I heard used for that purpose in my boyhood.

We who are parents deserve this sort of rebuke probably at times.

Sometimes I think 'at parunts does
Things ist about as bad as us—
Wite 'fore our very eyes, at that!
For one time Pa he scold' my Ma
'Cause he can't find his hat;
An' she ist cried, she did; an' I
Says, "Ef you scold my Ma
Ever again and make her cry,
W'y you shant be my Pa!"
An' 'nen he laugh' an' fin'd his hat
Ist wite where Ma, she said it's at!

Just how a man could be a lonely bachelor all his life and still write the sweetest of love songs to wife, and child, may be a question no married person quite likes to face. Are the husbands and wives and children we have in dreamland, the only kind that will stand the wear and tear of daily living and toil and fret and worry and care and problem and poverty, and never lose the sweet glamour of courtship, and always be just the angels we thought they were the

day we first fell in love with them? God help us all. Riley was at times much more than the dialect poet, and once at least mastered the sonnet, the most difficult of poetic forms.

When she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence: and the perfume of her dress.
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight—soul sight, even—for a space:
And tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

Or how did Riley ever find out this, he describes in "Nothin' to Say."

Nothin' to say, my daughter, nothin' at all to say!
G'yirls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way!
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—
Yit here I am, and here you air, and yer mother—where is she?

You look lots like yer mother; purty much same in size;
And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes;
Like her, too, about her livin' here,—because *she* couldn't stay,
It'll most seem like you was dead—like her, but I haint got nothin' to say.

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name acrost the page;
And left her ear bobs fer you, ef ever you come of age.
I've allus kep' 'em and g'yarded 'em, but ef yer a goin away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter, nothin' at all to say.

You don't rikollect her, I reckon? No, you wasn't a year old then.
And now yer—how old air you? W'y child, not "twenty"! When?
And yer nex' birtday's in April? and you want to get married that day?
I wisht yer mother was livin, but—I haint got nothin' to say.

Twenty year, and as good a girl as parent ever found.
There's a straw ketched onto yer dress there—I'll bresh it off—turn round.
(Her mother was jes' twenty when us two run away.)
Nothin' to say, my daughter, nothin' at all to say.

Riley worked out for himself a very sweet and simple philosophy of life. It was not profound, not scholarly. No one has to join a club and study it in order to understand or midunderstand it as seems necessary for Shakespeare, or Browning or Ibsen or the deep wise ones. Anybody can understand Riley's philosophy of life.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
There is ever a something sings alway;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the blue bird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black or the mid-day blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the Autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow.
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

I am told that "A Life Lesson," describes an old-fashioned girl that no longer exists, and that the modern woman wants to write an additional verse or two. But as Riley wrote the lines some people like them.

There! little girl; don't cry;
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by;—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry;
They have broken your slate, I know;
And your glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by;—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But, heaven holds all for which you sigh.—
There! little girl; don't cry!

In "Away," we have what Mr. Riley thought about death and hereafter, and he is more likely to be right, than are all the pessimistic philosophers, who write in language so much harder to understand.

I quote the words today, because they apply perfectly to the dead poet himself.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead.—He is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you,—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step, and the glad return,—

Think of him, faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here:

And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warriors-strength to his country's foes.—

Mild and gentle, as he was brave,—
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things:—where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,

The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed:

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—he is just away!

Life is sweet here, and worth while, and yet we older ones, as we read of the death of the babies in Summer heat or Winter cold, say, when we remember the struggle they have been excused from, as Riley did when he sang of the death of a babe.

Fly away! thou heavenly one!—
I do hail thee on thy flight!
Sorrow? thou hast tasted none—
Perfect joy is yourn by right.
Fly away! and bear our love
To thy kith and kin above!

I can tetch thy finger-tips
Calmly, and bresh back thy hair
From thy forred with my lips,
And not leave a tear drop thare.—
Weep for *Tomps, and Ruth,* and *me*—
But I cannot weep for *thee.*

I do not now recall that Mr. Riley has ever written much of his idea of prayer, but I have always suspected that in his poem about the Tree Toad, he quietly satirized those who claim that they can control the weather, and the rest of this universe, by their prayers. The farmers think that the cry of the tree toad is a sign of rain, and the lines are these,—

THE TREE TOAD.

"So cur'ous like, said the tree toad!
I've twittered fer rain all day,
And I got up soon
And I hollered tel noon,
But the sun it jest blazed away,
Tel I just clumb down in a crawfish hole
Weary at hart and sick at soul!

"Dozed away fer an hour,
And I tackled the thing again.
And I sung and sung
Tel I knowed my lung
Was jest about give in.
And *then* I thinks, ef it don't rain *now*
There's nothin' in singin', anyhow!

"Once in a while some farmer
Would come a drivin' past;
And he'd hear my cry and stop and sigh,
Tel I jest laid back at last
And I hollered fer rain, tel I thought my throat
Would bust wide open at ever' note.

"But I *fetched* her, O I *fetched* her,
Cause a little while ago
As I kind o' set
With one eye shet
And a singin' soft and low:—
A voice drapped down on my fevered brain
A sayin' *"Ef you'll jest hush, I'll Rain."*

But of course Riley did pray, as all men must and do, and he wrote at least one prayer for us, with which we will close our Sunday morning hour with the poet.

A MORTUL PRAYER.

O! Thou that veileth from all eyes
The glory of thy face,
And setteth throned behind the skies
In thy abiding-place;
Though I but dimly recognize
Thy purposes of grace;
And though with weak and wavering
Deserts, and vexed with fears,
I lift the hands, I cannot wring
All dry of sorrow's tears,
Make pure my prayers that daily wing
Their way unto thy ears!

Oh, with the hand that tames the flood,
And smooths the storm to rest,
Make balmy dews, of all the blood
That stormeth in my brest;
And so refresh my hart to bud
And bloom the loveliest.
Lull all the clammer of my soul
To silence. Bring release
Unto the brane still in controle of doubts;
Bid sin to cease;
And let the waves of passion roll
And kiss the shores of peace.

Make me to love my fellow man;
Yea, though his bitterness
Doth bite as only adders can,
Let me the fault confess,
And go to him and clasp his hand
And love him none the less.
So keep me Lord, forever free
From vain conceit and whim.
And he whose pious eyes can see
My faults, however dim,
Oh, let him pray the least for me
And me the most for him.

The Heroic Spirit

Strange how men love to delude themselves with epigrams! They are not so foolish as to say, "Sow thistles and you will reap wheat," but they do say what is equally foolish, "Sow seeds of war and expect to reap peace." The truth is, Sow guns and you will reap battles. The way to have war is to prepare for it. The way to secure peace is to sow the ideas of peace, cultivate the spirit of peace, think peace, live peace, talk peace, exalt peace to the ideal place that has been wrongly assigned to war. We shall only overcome the war spirit when we have supplanted it by a peace program that will appeal to the same virile side of man that war attracts. No one is foolish enough to suppose that this is a brief or easy task. War against war, it is well said, is no holiday excursion. We are inheritors of war traditions and temper. Human history is not inaptly termed a "bath of blood." The warlike spirit has been bred in the bone. War has been glorified and the soldier placed on the pinnacle of honor. Courage on the battlefield has been heralded and magnified, while equal courage in every-day life has gone unheeded. It is no wonder, therefore, that the persistent advocates of peace are sometimes regarded with disfavor and even contempt by those who do not know that it requires far less courage to strike a blow than to rule one's spirit.

From a sermon by Howard B. Grose, D.D., in the Congregationalist.

TROUBLE'S STRONG FRONT.

Trouble has a trick of coming
Butt end first;
Viewed approaching, then you've seen it
At its worst.
Once surmounted, straight it waxes
Ever small,
And it tapers till there's nothing
Left at all.

So, whene'er a difficulty
May impend,
Just remember you are facing
The butt end;
And that looking back upon it,
Like as not,
You will marvel at beholding
Just a dot!

—*Edwin L. Sabin.*

James Whitcomb Riley—
(1848-1916)

AT CROWN HILL.

Leave him here in the fresh greening grasses and trees,
And the symbols of love, and the solace of these—
The saintly white lilies and blossoms he keeps
In endless caress as he breathlessly sleeps.
The tears of our eyes wrong the scene of his rest,
For the sky's at its clearest, the sun's at its best,—
The earth at its greenest,—its wild bud and bloom
At its sweetest—and sweetest its honied perfume.
Home! Home! Leave him here in his lordly estate,
And with never a tear as we turn from the gate!

Turn back to the home that will know him no more,—
The vines at the window, the sun through the door.
Nor sound of his voice, nor the light of his face!

* * * *

But the birds will sing on, and the rose in his place,
Will tenderly smile till we daringly feign
He is home with us still, though the tremulous rain
Of our tears reappear, and again all is gloom,
And all prayerless we sob in the long-darkened room.
Heaven portions it thus—the old mystery dim,—
It is midnight to us—it is morning to him.

On July 22nd the kindly, quizzical eyes of The Poet Everybody Loved closed in sleep to open in the Morning Land, and the tired, cast-off body was lovingly laid in Crown Hill Cemetery in Indianapolis, where one he loved had been laid more than a decade ago, and for whom he wrote the lines which so eloquently voice our grief to-day. We *do* grieve for our sense of loss is poignant: but even as the tears well up in our eyes, smiles bubble up in our hearts—for we realize that he is ours for evermore, in spite of Death. The grave may hide him from our view, but the great child-like heart of him, and the loving, singing spirit he poured out so generously, that death cannot fell him.

One of the finest editorials that came under my eye at the time of his death opened with this beautiful paragraph: "A poet has the advantage over men of ordinary mold in that the blow that death deals him is ineffectual. James Whitcomb Riley, having released that weary mortal part which for years has troubled him, has emerged, let us hope, into greater freedom and delight than he has hitherto known. For us, beyond all cavil, he is as vital now as when thirty-five years ago he was pouring out his songs with the eagerness of a meadow-lark at dawn."

So, this immortal legacy of song—his incomparable verses of childhood and his love songs and character delineations, his beautifying of the everyday, simple commonplaceness of his environment and time, is our rich inheritance for all time.

Our debt to him is great, and it is meet that we send our hearts out in gratefulness to that Crown Hill where lives one of "Our Own Folks."

More and more as time rolls on will the nation appreciate James Whitcomb Riley's contribution to life. His song could not be stilled by adverse opinion or uncongenial circumstance. Sorrow, that greatest of all sorrows, an unrequited love, but made his song the sweeter, his sympathies the broader, his understanding the deeper. And with the heart of a child, the love of a mother and the wisdom of a prophet he did for America—that great heart of her, Indiana—what Burns did for Scotland, and the great writers did for Italy, Russia, Norway, Greece and the other countries, made dear to us by their understanding. In the fadeless pigment of words he pictured a phase of American life that is rapidly becoming non-existent.

"Strange craft of words, strange magic of the pen,
Whereby the dead still talk with living men;
Whereby a sentence, in its trivial scope,
May center all in love and all in hope;
And in a couplet, like a rosebud furled,
Lie all the wistful wonder of the world."

How the wizard of words, the poet, speaks for us! Not an emotion of the human heart but he can express for us better, far, than we can ourselves. Mirth, joy, love, sorrow, he has voiced for us, and will for all time. Of that other "One with a Song," Frank L. Stanton, could anyone but Riley have fittingly written:

He sings: and his song is heard,
Pure as a joyous prayer,
Because he sings of the simpler things—
The fields and the open air;
The orchard-bough, and the mocking-bird,
And the blossoms everywhere.

The universal heart
Leans listening to his lay
That glints and gleams with the glimmering dreams
Of children at their play—
A lay as rich with unconscious art
As the first song-birds of May.

Truly might the above tribute have been to Riley himself.

Two bits of his philosophy are well worth our remembering: "Equity—?" and "The Hired Man's Faith in Children":

The meanest man I ever saw
Allus kep' inside o' the law;
And ten times better fellers I've knowed
The blame gran' jury's sent over the road.

I believe *all* children's good,
Ef they're only *understood*,—
Even *bad* ones, 'pears to me,
'S jes as good as they kin be.

But where can we stop when we once open a volume of Riley's verses? Who does not love Ike Walton's Prayer, and Orphant Annie and The Raggedy Man, and A Life Lesson, I always think of Maggie Tulliver when I read that pathetic thing—his Emerson, Whittier, etc, etc.?

And as he wrote of his dear friend Myron Reed in The Onward Trail, so *we* cry:

Just as of old,—with fearless foot
And placid face and resolute,
He takes the faint, mysterious trail
That leads beyond our earthly hail.

We would cry, as in last farewell,
But that his hand waves, and a spell
Is laid upon our tongues; and thus
He takes unworded leave of us.

And it is fitting: As he fared
Here with us, so is he prepared
For any fortuning the night
May hold for him beyond our sight.

The moon and stars they still attend
His wandering footsteps to the end,—
He did not question, nor will we,
Their guidance and security.

So, never parting word nor cry:—
We feel, with him, that by and by
Our onward trails will meet and then
Merge and be ever one again.

So, of the Poet Everybody Loved,

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land.

MARY BADOLLET POWELL.

Tower Hill Library Congress

The Tower Hill Library Congress which extended through the week of August 7-13 was in many respects unique among library conventions. It was a time given over wholly to conference and discussion without a single set speech, address or lecture from start to finish. It embraced librarians from North Dakota, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. The librarian of a little club library on the Dakota prairie gained inspiration from informal discussion with the librarian of a town of 600,000 population, and the reverse also was significantly true. The week had nothing of the technical side but it was rich in the deeper things of library science and economy as it dwelt with the questions of morality, politics, labor, race and war problems, public leisure, the children and other underlying questions of the deepest import to the conscientious librarian. Such things as: what should be the librarian's attitude towards the Local Option campaign, pool rooms, the social evil, news-stands that sell sensual magazines, and indecent moving pictures, occupied the thoughtful attention of the morning conferences, together with the discussion of the growing sensuality school of authors, such as Merwin, Chambers, Glyn and Morris. In the discussion of controversial literature, religious, political or otherwise, it was the consensus of opinion that the "open table" should prevail, everything being admitted in the way of propaganda of various political beliefs or religious cults that kept within the law and were not abusive or libelous. As to periodical literature it was held that libraries should take up some of the less known publications rather than the popular ones that are found in so many homes. As to the contents of many of the modern magazines it was decided to co-operate with the club women of the country in written protests to the editors when bad stories and serials appear.

The problem of the dime novel which is read so extensively by so many boys who prefer "Slimsey, the Sioux City Sleuth," or "Not Guilty, Your Honor," to "Pilgrim's Progress" or "Robinson Crusoe," was debated at length, it being agreed that something akin to the dime novel but without the "bluggy" elements should be used at first to wean the boy away, this being followed by the best of Munroe, Stoddard, Barbour, on the principle of "The expulsive power of a new affection." It was decided to protest against the publication of the interminable series for boys such as the "Motor Boys," "Aeroplane Boys," "Submarine Boys," and fake "Boy Scouts." In discussing the race problem it was decided that libraries were for "humans" and in places where local prejudices exist toward the use of the library by any race that facilities must be provided for the ostracised class. As war is literature's greatest enemy the librarian should bend every effort toward peace propaganda. The problem of public leisure was conceded to be one of the greatest problems of the day and the moving picture was held to be the great rival of the form of popularity of the reading room. Librarians were advised to include asbestos booths in the plans for their library buildings and to secure good films of an educational nature leading to the use of books. Librarians were also advised to work for local censorship and to co-operate with local picture men in producing only that which would inform, inspire or refresh.

The afternoons during the week were given over to informal conference and to visits to the Ann Mitchell Library building on the Tower Hill grounds which was found to be well supplied with the classics as well as the better part of latter day literature. The evenings were devoted to readings from the poets by Mr. Matthew S. Dudgeon of the Wisconsin Library Commission and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. On Sunday morning Mr. Dudgeon spoke on "The People and the Book," in which he showed the utilitarian use of books for every man of every occupation, and the inspirational and re-creational phases of good reading. In the afternoon Mr. Jones gave "Words; The Primal Revelation," in which he showed the way in which the alphabet was created and words formed; the use of words being one of the distinctions between man and the lower animals. He emphasized the sacredness of speech and deprecated the frivolities entering into modern communication. In the evening Mr. Jones spoke on Walt Whitman and read from his works.

No formal account of the program does justice to a week spent at Tower Hill, for it cannot reveal the spirit of the place which everyone feels who visits it. The simplicity and spirituality of the surroundings make the spot of endeared and enduring remembrance to every library visitor, all of whom expressed the strongest desire for a continuance in coming years of the Library Week so auspiciously begun.

LUTIE E. STEARNS, *Chairman.*

THE BROWN THRASHER

(*Toxostoma rufum*)

When Morning breaks
My sleep he takes,
Throned on the highest tree;
I listen long to his sweet song,
Adream with rhapsody.

His dress is brown,
His true renown
Comes from his minstrelsy;
The mocking-bird
Alone is heard
With greater ecstacy.

When twilight gloams
Again he comes
And sings for waning light;
His songs so rare
The nights prepare
For Heaven's visions bright.

O, Thrasher brown,
In country, town,
What liquid tones are thine!
A golden lyre,
With heart of fire,
Thy mission is divine.

—*Alfred Kummer*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the First Christian Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXIII.

The Morning Stars of the Reformation

Wycliff, 1324-1384—60
Huss, 1369-1415—46
Jerom of Prague, 1370-1416—46
Tyndale, 1484-1536—52

"I believe that in the end truth will triumph."
—Wycliff.

We find a very interesting connection in the stories of John Wycliff, John Huss and Jerom of Prague. They are consecutive links in our course and we are justified in studying them altogether although it renders a cruel condensation necessary.

It is the story of three martyrs, for while Wycliff did not burn it was not anybody's fault, he was a fair candidate for martyrdom, only a stroke of paralysis anticipated the church. However, the church felt so badly about it that forty-four years after his death his bones were ordered exhumed, burned, and the ashes cast into the brook, which gave rise to the lines of the great English preacher, Fuller:

The brook did convey his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliff are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.

Wordsworth tells the same story in true Wordsworthian style:

Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear,
And at her call is Wyclif disinhumed:
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
And flung into the brook that travels near;
Forthwith, that ancient Voice, which Streams can hear,
Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human-kind)—
"As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst
An emblem yields to friends and enemies
How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed."

There is a tradition that the little brook into which the ashes were thrown has never over-reached its boundaries since. Catholics interpret this as indicating the approval of Heaven over the indignity offered to the remains of a heretic; the Protestant interpretation that it was so honored with the burden that it has not lost its calm dignity ever since.

John Wycliff is the reformer before the reformers. From a careful reading of his life you will come to see that really he looms up a finer, higher, and broader man than Martin Luther himself. Luther came two hundred years later and had the independent, free thinking, cultural German mind back of him, enabling him to win out, but he had his weaknesses, was impatient, inconsistent and sometimes back-tracked. The story of Wycliff is a charming one of a modest, brave man, who saw the right path and followed it.

A late study of Wycliff is available by S. Parkes Cadman, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, an author of note, called "The Three Religious Leaders of Oxford and Their Movements." The three leaders selected for a course of lectures were John Wycliff, John Wesley and John Henry Newman. Wycliff denied transubstantiation and uttered a great protest against the power of the Catholic Church, Wesley protested against the power of the Episcopal Church, and Newman, breaking with all the rest of them, went back into the Catholic Church. The high instinct of a radical orthodox man sees that these three Johns really are brothers and form a very noble trilogy of reform and of spiritual regeneration: Wycliff in the fourteenth, Wesley in the seventeenth and Newman in the nineteenth century.

Wycliff, the child of obscure parents (born 1324) was predisposed to books and early went to Oxford at a time when the Roman Church was trying to renew its grip on the English people and government. The Pope proceeded to bring pressure to bear to collect contributions of thirty years' arrearage. The young man, Wycliff, came into the controversy, first resenting the claim of the Church of Rome and later was swept inevitably into heresy. He began to doubt the authority of the Pope, for which there was more justification at that time than any other, because it was doubtful who was pope. One was trying to do business at Rome, another at Avignon and a third looking around trying to find where he could best establish his supremacy. Wycliff, a very devout, consistent and much beloved pastor of a little country church at Lutterworth, Yorkshire, eventually became an all-around rebel to the Roman church. He was filled with a sense of the mightiness of the Gospel, a sort of Saxon St. Francis, reminding one of the late General Booth, but that his field was a rural one. He was a friend of the common people and when he found himself growing away from the ecclesiasticism of the Mother Church, its formalities and ritualistic coldness, he turned to the people. Feeling with real insight that they did not know the basis of the Gospel he taught, although they did know the prayer-book and Latin Offices, he began to translate into the vernacular little bits of the New Testament story, in postal card length, affixing a few notes of comment, explanation or exhortation. These were reproduced by hand and passed out by a small body of people, some of them illiterate, but through this normal training becoming exceedingly popular. Many attempts were made to stamp out these "postils" by burning but today there are nearly three hundred such in the British Museum.

The Church began to sense its danger and Wycliff was watched and summoned to trial. A stroke of paralysis, however, caused him to send the pathetic word, "I would willingly come but my legs will not carry me." One Sunday while at the altar of his

little church, the third stroke came and in two days he was dead.

This was the time of Richard II of England, whose Queen was sister to King Wenceslaus of Bohemia and who had a friend and tutor in Professor Jerom of the University of Prague. Even then Bohemia was infected through and through with heresy. Queen Anne was a student, as women could be at the University of Prague, and Jerom a radical progressive teacher. When Wycliff put out his little tracts she sent them to Jerom and he was interested; so much so, that he showed them to his brightest pupils, one of whom was John Huss, but a year younger than his teacher. Huss, feeling a recoil, wanted to throw them into the river, but his later studies were such that he became a student of Wycliff, thoroughly converted to his doctrine and, of course, became a distress to Rome and a compelling mark for the heresy hunters.

Then began one of the most heart-breaking stories of martyrdom in the history of the Christian church. Huss was called to attend a Council at Constance which was settling various ecclesiastical questions and among others this charge of heresy. He agreed to go if his personal safety was assured. Much against the wishes of his friends he went with the written guarantee of the Emperor Sigismund, but he was no sooner in Constance than he was arrested, thrown into prison; later into a prison with no light, and finally into a cellar room most loathsome, where he was smitten with fever. The Church, not willing to let him die that way, he was ordered into fresh air until he recovered. Finally he was brought before the Council. Sigismund, weak and wavering, tried to mediate in the interest of his subject and to redeem his pledge, but without being countersigned by an ecclesiastic, the pledge was declared invalid. His friends all plead with him to recant, assuring him that he would be forgiven. The Bohemian element labored to resist the verdict, but with patience, unyielding obstinacy, unflinchingly he went to his burning, of which we have a full account. The occasion was marked with ecclesiastical dignity. Seven Bishops, one by one, with curses, deprived him of his robes of office. His hair was cut in the form of a cross and a fool's cap placed on his head. When it was found that he was bound so that he faced eastward, his position was changed to face away from the sanctities, westward.

His teacher, colleague and friend, Jerom, although he had tried to prevent his going, hurried to his defense with rashness and impetuosity, only to himself endure a similar martyrdom at the hands of the same court.

In the story of these three men we have a hint of the internationalism of martyrdom. They won their martyrdom by virtue of their nobility. They won by yielding, conquered by not fighting. To quote from Draper:

> These martyrs were no common men. Poggio Bracciolini an eye-witness, says in a letter to Leonardo Aretino, speaking of the eloquence of Jerome, "When I consider what his choice of words was, what his elocution, what his reasoning, what his countenance, his voice, his action I must affirm, however much we may admire the ancients, that in such a cause no one could have approached nearer to the model of their eloquence.

Scholars tell us that Wycliff showed much skill in the use of the half developed English tongue. He has been called the Father of English Prose, being the first to translate the entire Bible into English, anticipating Tyndale, whose translation in turn anticipated that of King James.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What was Wycliff's great protest against the Catholic church?
(2) Why did he first translate the Bible into English? In what form did they first appear?
(3) How did Jerom of Prague become interested?
(4) How did Huss come to be drawn in?
(5) Final end of all three men.

A NEW SONG OF MOTHERHOOD

He shall not fight for lust of might,
The sons of men he shall not slay;
His sword shall be a sword of light
To bring the larger day.
Wrapped in this little sleeping frame,
Curled in this heart, so small, so deep,
A summons out of heaven came,
A Primal Pledge to keep.

O little dreaming son of mine,
I see Creation's purpose shine.
The mother soul that finely hears
The music of the brooding spheres,
Hath told the message thou didst bring,
The song that I must sing.
Mothers have sung of sword and shield,
The splendor of the battlefield;
My lips shall sing a nobler song—
The love that conquers wrong!

The Power that built the dome of space
And carved night's pillars, firm and sure,
The Love that formed this little face,
Hath shaped a purpose, radiant, pure.
O driving Force that will not rest,
That swings the suns and pearls the dew,
O Force that thrills my mother's breast,
Help me to live that purpose through!
Amid the tumult of the earth,
The shout of arms, the clash of steel,
The wail of brutal death and birth,
May he be strong to heal!
O little son, O little son,
What glorious conquests shall be won!
What huge compelling powers grope
And flower in thy mother's hope!
What yearnings of the Primal Cause
Shall plead earth's higher laws!
Thy tiny hands, like petals furled,
How they shall toil to bless the world;
What flame shall leap from thy small breast
To champion the opprest!

O Star that shone to lead mankind,
Help him the hidden path to find,
That he may speak Christ's word again
Of "Peace on Earth" to men!
He shall not fight for lust of might;
The sons of men he shall not slay;
His sword shall be a sword of light
To bring the larger day!

Hearst's Magazine. *Angela Morgan.*

The Psychology of War

The worst thing about dreadnaughts and armies and military and naval reviews and sham-battles, is their psychological effect. They create a permanent hypnotism, a permanent obsession of the people. They create a deep seated admiration for war; they idealize war, blind men to its horrors and its folly; thus they produce a permanent madness.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER.

Has it been hot on Tower Hill? Yes, ma'am, it certainly has. Old Sol did not overlook us any more than any other part of the middle West. There were some sweltering days, but there were long, quiet nights when you wanted some covering, with clean air rising from our beautiful river and filtering through the thick shade of pine and oak and no sounds more disturbing than the plaintive call of the mourning dove or the whippoorwill. When we read the harrowing reports of the suffering in our great cities we realized how much better off we were, and more and more "Little Johnny" came to be the center of admiration.

"Johnny" is an industrious, persistent, reliable little one and a half horse power gasoline engine which supplements the wind mill in supplying water galore to every cottage on the Hill. As everybody knows who has ever visited the Hill, our water system is unique. The shot tower shaft which gives its name to the Hill was used nearly 75 years ago in making shot in the old style by dropping melted lead 200 feet into a well of water below. This shaft, cut through the rock, we utilized by installing a windmill at the top of the Hill, running a big pipe down through the shaft to a never failing well at the river level and pumping up and storing water in enormous cisterns dug out of the sandstone rock. From these reservoirs pipes were run all over the side of the Hill and into every house.

One dry summer with little wind and many new demands threatening the adequacy of this arrangement, "Little Johnny was called in to help out, and ever since, when a warm spell comes along everybody luxuriates in baths innumerable, while "Johnny" keeps up a steady "chug-chug" all day long, literally pushing the beautifully soft cold water from a well near the foot of the Hill up through the same pipes used for distribution from the reservoir at the top of the Hill, and keeping the reservoirs full. What this means when the thermometer hovers around the 100 degree mark will be appreciated by those who are in the habit of visiting summer resorts and depending on the ubiquitous bowl and pitcher for house bathing purposes.

Fortunately no activities were scheduled during the hot weather, so nobody worked but "Johnny."

Copious, refreshing rains broke the drought last week, and even the corn in the garden, which seemed to be nearly gone, held up its head and filled out its ears and came to the table a few days later in the luscious, golden heaps that bid fair to hold up the record.

On Monday, August 7, came Miss Lutie Stearns and her library people from all over the State as well as from other states, for a week's conference on subjects covering a very wide range interesting to that profession. Mr. Dudgeon and members of the State Library Commission are on the program.

The suffrage cause will hold the boards next week and judging by the program they have issued, it cannot fail to be a brilliant succession of events. Each of these conferences will run a week and will close by an open Sunday with addresses by well known exponents of their particular cause, and a sermon by Mr. Jones.

On August 27 the Lincoln Centre Farm at Clear Lake will have its annual celebration and preparations are on foot for something that is bound to attract all its friends for many miles around.

For the first time in its history Tower Hill is to have a regular Farmers' Institute, under the leadership of Superintendent L. E. Luther, on September 1 and 2. Five or six of the very best speakers connected with the force will attend and expound subjects of peculiar local interest: "The Treatment of Light Soils," "Cow Testing Associations," "Pedigreed Seed," etc.

A. L. K.

Joe Beatty Burtt, the tireless worker for Peace and Temperance through the Fraternal orders of the country, writes:

You will notice at the First World's meeting of Salesmen at Detroit, that they had a "Salesmanship Clinic." Some day there will be a Fraternal Clinic and the first fraternal order that holds such a clinic, will be helping to make history. I find that many men do not want to imitate history, they want to make some and the fraternal orders, if they are efficient, must give their members an opportunity of self expression and an opportunity to help make history.

While I was in Michigan, I read the new book called "WE," written by Gerald Stanley Lee, the author of "Crowds." This book treats of World Peace and is a book of world vision and I would urge all fraternalists to read it by all

GREGG SHORTHAND
Makes the Most Efficient Stenographers

It is easy to learn, rapid and legible. It is America's standard shorthand, taught in more schools than are teaching all other systems combined.

Gregg trained stenographers get the better class positions where skill and ability are valued at their true worth. All who complete our course secure good positions. In fact, there are always many more calls for our graduates than we have students.

DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS
Start Any Week—Progress is Individual

Gregg School is located on Michigan Avenue, corner Madison Street, overlooking beautiful Lake Michigan. All rooms are light, airy, attractive, splendidly equipped and arranged. It is a select school, distinctive in its methods, furnishing a service that is unequaled for its excellence.

Call at office, write or telephone, Randolph 6040, for illustrated catalogue

GREGG SCHOOL
6 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

means. He speaks of men who are scared, like Teddy Roosevelt, and armoured millionaires who want the men in our nation to appear unnatural and unfraternal and act as though they wanted to kill somebody.

In my recent trip to Michigan I interviewed men on the train and men in Michigan and I did not find a single man who was scared or who wanted to kill somebody. The time has come, I believe, when the American people will not permit scared men with sterilized minds, who are unable to express themselves except by guns, to express the sentiment of the American people.

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your job will be set right and printed right at the

OAKLAND PRINTING SHOP

743 E. 39th Street
Phone Kenwood 6535

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

BUY AT HOME
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Avenue

Carry a Complete line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of Charge

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

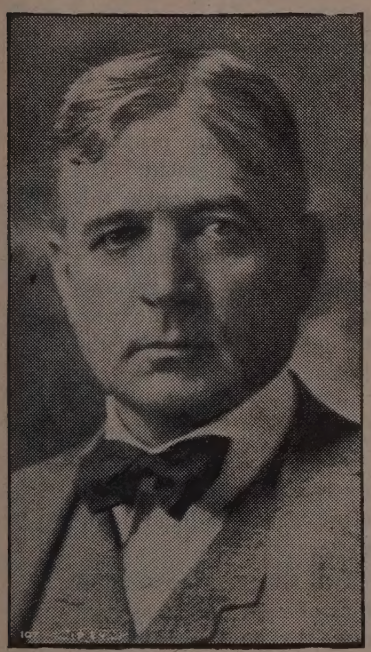
Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK



Frank O. Lowden

WHAT HE IS

He is big enough to be Governor.

His experience fits him for the office.

His character is without blemish.

His position is known on public questions.

He does not dodge or trim.

He is not raising false issues.

He aspires to be Governor—not a party boss.

His campaign is constructive.

He is advocating measures—not throwing mud.

HE STANDS FOR

Business methods in state affairs.

Practical men in state positions.

Ten state departments in place of one hundred.

A revision of our tax laws.

Fewer state jobs and lower taxes.

The development of our farms and live stock interests.

Protection of our industrial workers.

Enforcement of the civil service law.

Full suffrage for women.

He is presenting his arguments to the voters. He believes they will weigh the issues, consider the merits of the several candidates, and judge fairly when they vote at the primary, Wednesday, September 13.

W. H. STEAD,
Chairman Campaign Committee.

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

OAKLAND Motor Livery

Telephone { Oakland 100 / Drexel 1288-1289

1049 E. 43rd Street
821 E. 39th Street

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

NOTE OUR RATES
Lowest in Chicago

ONE PASSENGER

First Half Mile	$0.40
Each Half Mile Thereafter	.10
Each Hour Waiting Time	.80

EXTRA PASSENGERS

For Each Passenger Above One, For the Entire Trip, Extra	.10

Let us hear from Lincoln Centre if it Pays to Advertise

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF

"Love for the Battle-torn Peoples"

INTRODUCTION

I do not know when I have read a more interesting collection of chapters than those in Dr. Jones' book, "Love for the Battle-torn Peoples." They are true, and truth is always interesting. Half-truths are dull, and most writing is only half-truths. It is only the prophet who speaks the whole truth, and Dr. Jones is one of the prophets. No outworn shibboleths for him; no reposing in medieval formulas of thought; no clinging to customs simply because they are ancient; no allegiance to a thought because the mob holds it; no meeting of twentieth century problems with outgrown weapons. There is nothing of these things here. There is only thought that transcends conventions; love that spreads far beyond national boundaries; vision that appreciates the great human-divine soul of man in every land; patriotism that claims the foreigner as a brother to be loved rather than the enemy to be killed.

Dr. Jones finds something to be loved in the people of every land. He is perfectly right in his judgment. The people of Europe had nothing to do with bringing on this war. The Germans did not hate Englishmen and Frenchmen. It was a handful of so-called statesmen who did it all, and it is only a few statesmen, editors and generals who hate other nations and egg their peoples into war. The path to peace lies through the hearts and minds of the people. These men who are killing one another in the trenches, put them all together, dress them as civilians, get the officials out of the way and they would have as happy a time as children at a Sunday School picnic. Peoples are already much the same, and *brothers;* governments emphasize differences, fan false patriotism, shout national ambitions, and are *enemies* of one another.

I do not recall any other book which brings out so strikingly the finest characteristics of each nation as does this. Here we see the real German, the real Russian, the real Frenchman and so on, and they are all lovable and have high qualities. Would that such a book as this could be put into the hands of our school children. It would not only make for their good-will toward the peoples of other lands, but would vastly increase their appreciation of the neighbor who lives next door.

FREDERICK LYNCH, D.D.

New York City, August 1, 1916.